THE PLUCKIEST MAN IN NEW YORK.

Francis Long's Daring Climb Up the Manhattan Life Building's Tower.

Knew No Fear and Wasn't a Bit Nervous, Although a Seventy-Mile Gale Was Blowing.

FASCINATED THOUSANDS SAW HIM.

He Was with the Greely Castaways in the Arctic, and It Was He Who Killed the Game That Saved Them from Starvation.

The man who climbed the Manhattan Life building's tower during the terrific gale a few days ago and replaced the injured anemometer in Sergeant Dunn's eyric was Francis Long. Long's daring act made him a hero and as he climbed the dizzy height thousands of eyes watched him, fascinated by the sense of awful peril in which he had voluntarily placed himself.

Long is a typical German, broad chested, a little over middle height, stalwart-limbed, blue eyed, with a small blond mustache and of modest demeanor.

All he would say about his extraordinary feat was: "Sergeant Dunn called for a volunteer and I offered myself. Of course, there was considerable danger. Nervous? Not at all. I never was nervous in my life or I should not be here talking to you. I knew I had to go up there and I did it. But I felt no nervousness. I think the people looking on me were more nervous than I was. Please excuse me now. I must go and take my observations."

After Long had gone Sergeant Dunn said to the Sunday Journal reporter: "What Long says about his nerve is true. I believe that if he were suddenly told that his wife and children were dead he would not show any emotion. Not, mind you, that he is devoid of natural feelings, but he cannot show emotion by external sign, although he may be eating his heart out with grief. I think that had it not been for him his companions in misfortune in the Greely expedition would never have survived their hardships and misfortunes. He is a man of indomitable pluck.

"Long has but little education, but he never forgets anything he has once learned. His mind is extraordinarily retentive. Often we send instruments to Washington to be repaired. Long will not only remember the numbers of these instruments, but even the date on which they were sent, without referring to the records. I will say that he is the most faithful and reliable man I have ever met in my career."

Long came to the United States in 1869, and in 1873 enlisted in the Second United States Cavalry, serving five years. "I saw a great deal of service on the plains and among the red men," he said, "and in 1878, my term of enlistment having expired, I was discharged and re-enlisted in the Ninth United States Infantry in the same year.

"In 1881 I was one of the volunteers for the Greely expedition. Yes, we had a most awful time of it, but beyond rheumatism in my ankle joint and an affection of my chest I am as sound as I ever was. I shall never forget that three years in the frozen North—the long Winter's night, the awful solitude, the danger from the ice, and last, but not least, from bears, and the almost certainty of dying of hunger.

"I was the hunter of the party. I had only a miserable old shotgun, one of the springs of which was broken, but, notwithstanding this, I managed in some way or another to kill in thirty-five days three bears, three seals, and 300 birds of various species. No, they were not nice, but then you know starving men will eat anything.

"I remember well just before General Greely's birthday, March 2, 1884, I had just said jokingly that I would make him a birthday present and that he would have a feast. I would have given anything to recall my words the moment they were spoken. Strange to say, I was able to keep my word and presented my astonished commander with no less than thirty-three birds. I actually shot thirty-eight, but lost five on the ice, as I had no dogs to retrieve for me. In fact, had I had any, we should have been compelled to eat them to save our own lives.

"There was one singular thing that I remarked, and that was whenever we had a storm it invariably brought us luck. After a storm I always was most successful in hunting. Had it not been for the terrible storm the night before we were found, which broke up the ice, the rescuing party would never have found me and my comrades—Lieutenant Greely, Brainerd, Biederbeck, and Canal."

DEEP SEA SOUNDING.

Here Is a New and Novel Way in Which the Ocean's Deepest Hole Can Be Now Measured Without a Line.

The deepest spot in the ocean was recently discovered by the surveying ship Penguin, near the Friendly Islands, in the South Pacific. At least, it is supposed to be the deepest spot.

Nobody knows what the depth there is, because the sounding line broke upon the two occasions when it was attempted to reach the bottom. Upon the first cast being made by Captain Balfour, of the Penguin, 4,300 fathoms were run out and then the wire broke. Another attempt to take the depth was made some days later.

Upon this occasion the captain managed to pass 4,900 fathoms, being 29,400 feet, or more than five miles of wire, over the ship's side. The wire was still running out when another break occurred.

An invention has now been perfected, however, which will enable marine surveyors to take the very deepest soundings, no matter how great the depth may be. This new method of taking deep-sea soundings dispenses with the line altogether. The whole thing is so simple it is a wonder somebody did not think of it before.

A microphone is first let down over the side of the ship a short distance beneath the surface of the water. A delicately adjusted cartridge properly weighted with lead is then thrown overboard, and an officer on deck notes the time by a stop watch the moment it strikes the surface of the water.

This cartridge sinks steadily, maintaining an erect position in the water as it goes down. The moment it touches the bottom the cartridge explodes and the microphone far above records the event.

Then it is a simple matter of calculation to ascertain the depth. The rate of fall of the cartridge in the water is known, as well as the rate of decrease in its speed as it reaches the deepest levels, where the water is compressed by the weight of that above.

With this table of figures in hand, the number of seconds or minutes occupied by the cartridge in reaching the bottom forms the basis of the calculation. By this means steamers and sailing vessels can take soundings in water of any depth, without subsequent loss of time in waiting to haul up the line. A vessel can even take soundings while sailing ahead, as the sound of the concussion may be recorded in the microphone miles away, and the latter may be dragged astern.

CHARACTER AS TOLD BY THE NOSE.

Mental Traits Reflected by Man's Most Prominent Facial Feature.

Instructive Study of the Noses of Some Great Men and Women Who Have Done Big Things.

DON'T DESPISE A LARGE NOSE.

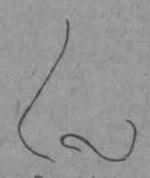
The "Wellington" Nose, the "Cogitative," the "Emotional" and the "Pugnacious"—The "Aristocratic" Variety and the "Imaginative."

The Wellington.

Cogitative.

Emotional.

Analytical.



Pugnacious.

Puritan.

Imaginative.

Aristocratic.

Artistic.

Melancholic.

There are noses and noses. And the study of noses is of never failing interest. Observe the noses of the people with whom you come downtown to-morrow. Short, long, broad, thin, flat, squat, straight, curved, hooked, crooked; noses that are prominent and aggressive; noses that are no noses at all; noses that are quiet, good every-day noses and just like their owners, who are average citizens; noses that are penetrating and calculating in their straightness; business-like noses and the pert little end-up nose like a soubrette's; noses that drop without a break, straight down out of the forehead, and noses that begin to be good, but suddenly stop; big, round, bulgy noses; all kinds, shapes, colors and sizes; as great a variety of noses as there are physical differences in people, and all telling something of the man's or woman's mentality.

If all the world had good noses there would be no need of such great students as Lombroso, for all men in their hearts would be like their noses. Lombroso, who is a criminologist, with a nose for news and odd facts, has made the important discovery of a crooked nose in 25 per cent of the criminals he has been experimenting with; he found a flat nose to be a characteristic of 12 per cent of the homicides; of 20 per cent of the thieves and of 40 per cent of the "normals"—that is, of the people not criminals. If Lombroso would but study the noses of people who have achieved greatness, his statistics doubtless would be still more interesting.

Take the nose of the "Iron Duke," for instance. A fine, large, forceful, emphatic nose is Wellington's, with a beautiful rise at the bridge that is eloquent of power. Such a nose as this, in a man temperamentally sound and mentally and physically rational, is a sure winner, to apply a sporting phrase to a nasal appendage. It is the kind of a nose that overcomes obstacles, that creates opportunities, that is independent and has a mind of its own. It is a cogitative nose, but it is more than cogitative—it expresses action of a high order. It was such a nose as William Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist, had. When you see a man with a "Wellington nose," watch him.

Mr. Gladstone's nose is of the same general character as Wellington's, and so is Grover Cleveland's. Gladstone's is more cogitative than Cleveland's, and Cleveland's is more of the bull-dog tenacity of purpose sort. Gladstone's nose suggests energy, patience, endurance, and a conservative originality. Neither Wellington's nor Gladstone's nose is of classic beauty, and no sculptor chiselling the ideal man would choose either of them from a crowd, but they are good noses to have just the same.

An utterly different sort of nose is that of Edouard de Reszke. This is the nervous, emotional nose, the nose of a man of warm spirits and deep sympathies, the nose of a good liver and a cheerful, jolly man of the world. It is not a philosophic nose, and you would never look to its owner to formulate any deep plan of action involving great interests. It is very common among the foreign-born population of New York, who love life's pleasures.

In Napoleon's nose we find the keen plotter, the shrewd and far-sighted, precise and analytical observer and organizer. It is a nose of great mentality, it has solidity without weightiness, and self-reliance with a good deal of egotism. John Stuart Mill, the political economist, had this sort of nose.

The "pugnacious" nose is a very common type, and it often gets its owner into trouble. It is always looking for a quarrel, which it seems to tell us in a certain haughty and impudent upward turn of the nose-end. But it is a poor fighter and beats a retreat soon after it is opposed. The late Lord Randolph Churchill had such a nose.

The straight, full, clear-cut nose of the New Englander is also very familiar to most of us. It expresses a high-strung, nervous temperament, strong sympathies and a certain cold severity and a critical hauteur. It is such a nose as Mr. Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, has, and there are many like it in Boston. The nose pictured here, however, is that of James M. Barrie, the author, who is not a Yankee, but a Scotchman.

There is a certain type of aristocratic nose which stamps the owner at once as born to the purple. It is not a nose of power, or force, or keenness, but a nose indicating a refined and lofty spirit, a quiet pride, well-balanced dignity and haughtiness, keen sensibilities, and firmness of purpose. The lines of this nose are straight, and the nose itself is well proportioned. You see this nose on the faces of the women of the old families of this town, and it is the same sort of nose as that of Queen Victoria, which is shown in the accompanying picture.

Another type of woman's nose is that of Miss Winifred Emery, the English actress. This indicates a temperament strung with the sensitive chords of an artistic soul. The owner has an ambition to surpass her sisters and an indiscriminating self-confidence which helps her to achieve her object. The length of this nose is one of its strong features. Ellen Terry has such a nose. Many women there are with the same kind of nose, but lacking its reach. This is a dangerous nose for a woman to have unless it is properly developed. If but half developed the owner is apt to be designing and selfish, and as she will most often fall in her schemings, she will be very unhappy.

The spiritual or imaginative nose is easily identified. Its structural formation is not beautiful, but what it lacks in this respect is made up usually in the strength of the facial features and the quality of the eyes. The imaginative nose in the illustration is that of Beethoven. It was such a nose, but with more strength, that the late Phillips Brooks had; so, also, was the nose of Sir Walter Scott, Robert Burns and the poet Whittier. The temperament that goes with the imaginative nose is vital and with intense nervous force.

What may be termed the melancholic nose is that pictured as the nose of Dante. This is the nose, moreover, that one usually associates with a knave, but it is a hard nose to identify, because so uncommon. With the right sort of mental characteristics it might be the nose of a genius.

While character in noses is easily traced, there are many noses which violate all known laws. Socrates, for instance, had a really hideous organ, not at all suggestive of his wonderful mind. There was once exhibited in England a man with a nose seven and a half inches long; he was an idiot.

BURLESQUERS IN SEMI-NUDITY.

The Latest Sensation in the Gay French Capital's Theatrical World.

Pretty Girls Costumed as Near to "The Altogether" as the Censorship Will Allow.

PLAYING TO CROWDED HOUSES.

Very Daring Stage Scenes Possible Nowhere Else—Emilienne d'Alencon's Song to Her Chemise—Parodies with a Dual Meaning.

A burlesque craze seems to have taken firm hold of the theatres in Paris. At more than half a dozen houses, burlesques or "revues," as the French say, are being performed. A revue consists in placing upon the stage in an intelligent and amusing manner all the main events of the past year.

The author, consequently, has a wide field for comic effects, and as the managers engage pretty girls and dress them in pretty costumes (or undress them, so far as decency will allow), the result is at times a three months' run to full houses.

It is well known that Paris is the creator of fashions and fads in burlesques, as in all other forms of dress. What the gay city adopts is quite sure to be fashionable elsewhere, so that before long we are likely to see her fetching burlesque creations, reproduced in New York, a little less Frenchified, perhaps, in deference to our ideas of propriety.

What distinguishes the present season from most of them is the similarity of the burlesques. They are more "spicy" than they have ever been, and there seems apparently to be no limit to what is permissible to a modern burlesque author. While censorship exists in France, one would never suspect it after a visit to the Scala, the Nouveau Theatre, the Varietes or the other theatres in which burlesques are now being given nightly.

You will always see a handsome woman with a pair of fine legs, a superb figure and sometimes with an excellent voice, who takes the play along, as it were. She introduces the actors and actresses when the attire of the artiste is not sufficiently indicative of the part she plays, or of the illustrious person or well-known city she represents.

Thus, you will hear, as semi-nude females come trippingly down the boards, the commere say: "Here comes the Boulevard des Capucines," or, "Let me introduce you to the Queen of Madagascar," or, "Here is the River Seine," or, "She represents Chicago!"

The commere is accompanied by a compere, who helps also in steering the burlesque safely along. The commere is generally supposed to take the compere out for a walk in different parts of the city, and during three long hours introduces him to all the pretty girls of the theatre.

Many events of an international character find their way into these revues, and even those which are strictly Parisian are so well known to lovers of gay Paris that when foreigners go to hear a French burlesque they manage to catch all the spicy dialogue and to fully comprehend the jokes.

Among the most curious scenes is one representing the Bois de Boulogne, which, at night, and even in broad daylight, is said to be infested with thieves and robbers of all descriptions. A tableau shows a couple of swells and a lady, who have been taking a quiet stroll in the Bois in the early hours of the afternoon. They are surprised by roughs, who not only take possession of all their money, but strip them of their clothes and leave them in a condition of semi-nudity. The stripping gives rise to roars of laughter. It is doubtful whether so risque a scene could take place outside of Paris.

Emilienne d'Alencon, who was the particular friend of the young Duc d'Uzes, and who is not unknown to the Duc d'Orleans, comes on, wearing a chemise. She plays the part of Emilienne d'Alencon, and sings a song that tells how, after having lost all her money by speculating at the Bourse in gold mines, she has nothing left but her chemise.

"Ils ne m'ont laisse que ma chemise!" exclaims Emilienne, and there is some truth in the song, for poor Emilienne, who is now one of the leading demi-mondaines of Paris, has been reduced to poverty. It is doubtful even if she still possesses a chemise which she may call her own.

Modern costume affords occasion for more undress scenes—the only ones that seem really to be successful both in the cafe concerts and in the theatres. The "feminists," too, have their turn, and after a show of women in male attire comes another batch, one representing the corset, another the skirt, another the petticoat, and so on. All the sections of a woman's attire come upon the stage, and in verses of terrible double entendre, explain why their part of the modern costume should be preserved.

Perhaps the finest piece of parody is that on the singers of the street. It will be remembered that during the last Spring and Summer a number of women, actresses for the most part, took to singing in the streets and the courtyards of houses for charity's sake. Nearly all of them made money—money for themselves and money for the poor.

The scene in the burlesque pictures a street of Paris and a few street singers. The women find imitators, but instead of singers their example is followed by painters, butchers, apothecaries and others. One hears a man rise in one part of the house with a joint of meat; from another comes a voice offering medicines for sale. The commere remarks that if one person be allowed to ply his calling in public, there should be no exception in other trades and professions. And so it comes to pass that all want to collect sous from the passers-by and from the public.

The end of this truly comic tableau is brought about by a woman in one of the boxes of the house asking also to be allowed to ply her calling in the public gaze. When asked what her profession is, she replies by giving her address. It is that of a street well known as being the residence of many women of the demi-monde.

A CHEAP BICYCLE RUMOR.

How a Coincidence in Name Gave Rise to the Report That the Sewing Machine Men Would Make Wheels.

The persistently circulated rumor that the Singer Sewing Machine Company, and, therefore, all the other big manufacturers in that line, intended going into the bicycle business on a scale that would reduce the price of wheels to $25 or less has been traced to its source. The rumor was born in the fact that Singer & Co., of England, large manufacturers of bicycles, saw in the United States an opportunity to extend their business, and recently purchased from a New England manufacturer an enormous plant formerly used in making the old-style wheels. The Englishmen will not make wheels any cheaper.

THE ARION BALL A JOYFUL EVENT.

The Great Madison Square Garden Was Filled with Dancers, Mostly Masked.

Respectable Citizens and Their Wives Gave the Ball a Good Start.

A PAGEANT THAT PLEASED AND AMUSED

Funny Incidents That Occurred When the Company Grew Effervescent, and the Queer Costumes They Wore.

The Arion ball of Wednesday and Thursday last was a very joyous gathering. It was no doubt the largest exhibition of public cheerfulness which had been seen since a similar event took place a year ago.

The force of stalwart policemen who were present under the command of Captain Pickett testified to its success. They are the keenest critics of such entertainments, but on this occasion their smiling and rubicund countenances expressed the keenest satisfaction. This was based, no doubt, on an approbation of the scene that met the eye and of the refreshment that had been furnished to the inner policeman.

As an excuse, if any be necessary, for giving any such prominence to this feature of the ball, it should be remarked that the attitude of the police at a masked ball is, for various reasons, in no small degree responsible for the success of the affair. If the guardians of public order play baseball with a few two hilarious dancers, a gloom which can hardly be shaken off falls upon the whole gathering. But even if they refrain from physical severity they may exercise a very depressing influence. One method of accomplishing this is to stand in a serried rank gazing sternly at the dancers. He is a gay devil indeed who will keep up his frolics before such a tribunal. The police did not thus affright the dancers at the Arion ball. On the contrary, they spread themselves unobtrusively about the great garden in easy and graceful postures.

The Arion ball is principally a gathering of German citizens, who at all times succeed in enjoying themselves more than any other portion of our population. The ball is primarily respectable, although by investigation, and especially by waiting till 3 o'clock in the morning, one may ascertain that every social class is represented.

Early in the evening the good citizens and their wives were enjoying the ball. The owner of the great brewery and the keeper of the modest but useful delicatessen store waltzed over the vast floor to the strains of John Rhenzel's splendid orchestra. There is no senseless Puritanism about the German people. The good wife cannot be prevented from enjoying herself by the knowledge that some persons whom she would not care to receive at home are in the same great hall. Moreover, she does not think it wrong to take her daughter.

The scene on the floor was a mass of life and color. An unusually large proportion of the men were in fancy dress. Among the crowd of dancers in the centre of the floor the sad and inartistic dress coat was hardly to be seen. Madison Square Garden was filled and there would not have been room on the floor if the occupants of the boxes had all come out at once.

Mediaeval costumes of gorgeously colored doublet and long hose were numerous. Men disguised as Dr. Parkhurst and as police captains brought one to the prosaic present and reminded the merrymakers that for a day they were dancing and feasting, but on the morrow they might be raided.

The dresses of the women were equally varied. Columbines, pierrots and Sapphos were, of course, very numerous. One young woman, in a short, light muslin costume, which looked as if it belonged in a strictly domestic scene, attracted much attention. Several wore pink silk trousers, probably indicating the ball room costume of the new woman.

The eminently respectable element stayed until the pageant was over and then began to thin out rapidly. This pageant was not only artistic, but was conceived with much genuine humor. It was witnessed from a platform by Mr. Tody Hamilton, the great journalist and friend of circus owners, and pronounced a triumph.

The master of ceremonies and others led the pageant with a happy solemnity which added much to its effectiveness. The first float told the story of "Little Red Riding Hood." Most interest was shown in the followers of the car, who consisted of a policeman with a wolf's face, holding two bartenders by their collars; a clergyman with a wolf's face leading two young girls, three bulls from Wall Street; three bears from Wall Street, six hayseeds with sheep's faces, three nursemaids accompanied by Park Policemen, two green goods men with a package of greenbacks, and a farmer with a carpet bag.

Among the followers of the next float, which dealt with the story of "Cinderella," were Colonel Waring on a hobby horse leading a body of six street sweepers in full white uniforms, with their brooms, and the five Rapid Transit Commissioners riding on snails preceded by a messenger boy carrying a sign: "Rapid Transit as We Have It."

The messenger boy was a real one, and stopped as often as possible to look about him. He provided one of the most entertaining features of the procession.

The fourth float told the story of "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp" with voluptuous Oriental splendor. Among its followers were eight men dressed as stone cutters, carrying lanterns and preceded by a messenger with the sign: "The National Sculptors' Association in Search of Art." The signification of this apparently was that the sculptors cannot recognize art when it is presented in so large and conspicuous a form as the Heine monument. Several members of the association were present and accepted the rebuke with becoming humility.

The pageant was closed by Arion and Prince Carnival, eight Tritons and various other pleasant mythological persons and things. It circled the Garden several times amid universal applause, after which the dancers sought refreshment in order to be able with more energy to supply their own hilarity during the remainder of the ball. At the same time the Dr. Jekyll element began to leave the Mr. Hyde element.

Then the "suckers" who were born with such frequency about twenty-five years ago, came to the front. Some of them were having violent and some of them tearful scenes with their lady friends. It is a universal trait of these lady friends that they are not satisfied with the gentlemen friends who take them to a ball, but always begin after a little while to make overtures of friendship in other directions. Perhaps the uninteresting conversation of the friends justifies them in this conduct.

Wine flowed from an inexhaustible fountain. Every box was decorated with a liberal supply of bottles. Men and women chased one another over the floor with opened bottles, often spilling the precious fluid. The spirit of champagne finally obtained possession of every dancer.

Scenes occurred suggesting in a mild way the Bal des Quatz-Arts, which called for the concentration of the French army in Paris three years ago. Ladies, exhausted by too much dancing, were carried round the room on the shoulders of men invigorated by champagne. Four men about town disguised themselves as horses by getting on all fours and dragged a coach load after them.

In such ways the company amused themselves until they were tired out. Between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning they poured out into Madison avenue, a mass of flushed, dishevelled and gorgeously attired humanity, that stirred even the cab horses to a mild interest.